

# ONVERTS:

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A

## AMILIAR ODE.

ADDRESSED TO

G—L—, Chan—r of the Ex---r.

R

*Hec mihi, qualis erat: quantum mutatus ab illo.*

VIRG. Æneid.



*Woodhouse*

LONDON:

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# ЭТАКИО<sup>2</sup>

A

# ЭДО ЯАЦИМ

## ADDRESS

## Part II. Output of the Experiment.

all. In relation with the above : note which, if any, is H.  
Lion T. 104 V



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III.

T H E

# CONVERTS:

## I.

SIR G----, put off that strange Disguise,  
What with your Peruke's monstrous size,  
Your Gown, and Band, and Purse,  
scarcely knew you ; in your Dress,  
Credit too, perhaps, not less,  
You're altered for the worse.

## II.

Had you a *Call*? or was't a *Light*,  
From Court that shone upon your Sight,  
Made you a Politician :  
Ordained to teach, and propagate,

## III.

Of Taxes, your three Children dear,  
 'Tis hard you only One can rear :  
 : ~~E~~ ~~TAXYMA~~  
 The last, which came before it's Hour,  
Tho' nurs'd by B-----d's changeling Pow'r,  
 Is still lean, poor and sickly.

## IV.

The former Issue of your Brain,  
 Songs, Eclogues, Odes, a hopeful Train,  
 Smil'd lovely at their Birth,  
 And now grown up, in Credit thrive,  
 Still flourish, and will long survive,  
 When you're laid low in Earth.

V.  
I

Had'st thou not better, still have play'd,  
 With *Hagley* Muses in the Shade ?  
 They oft with Rapture heard,  
 Your younger Voice in gladsome Lays,  
 Resounding ~~resounding~~ ~~resounding~~ ~~resounding~~ ~~resounding~~ ~~resounding~~

## VI.

Of you conceiv'd they better Hope,  
 Charm'd with the Strain to Poynz and Pope,  
 And pleas'd with Letters Persian :  
 But all in Tears, alas ! they burst,  
 And mourn that fatal Hour, when first  
 You meddl'd with Conversion.

## VII.

Conversion favour'd by the Great,  
 Encouraged both in Church and State ;  
 How wisely, who can say ?  
 For Dealers in that shifting Trade,  
 Who their Old Friends have once betray'd,  
 May New Ones too betray.

## VIII.

But whether Converts, true or feign'd,  
 Or Place, or Pension, shall have gain'd ?  
 You know, Sir, there are many,  
 Who've serv'd, at least, their private Ends,

IX.

How many have like fauning *B---w---r*,  
Of late renounc'd the Papal Power,  
For *George*, our Faith's Defender?  
An *English B---p*, *J---n's* made,  
And *St--e* and *M----y*, have betrayed,  
The Cause of the *Pre-----r*.

XV.

Old *H---r---e* too, believes, or dreams,  
'Tis right to forward Treaty Schemes,  
*Converted by a Peerage*,  
An Honour, sure, full dearly earn'd,  
To lick that Hand, which overturn'd,  
His Brother at the Steerage.

XI.

Now, whether *F--x* to *H---d---k* graye,  
Or he to *F--x*, is turn'd a Slave,  
Let that still rest a Doubt:  
Both hate each other, yet agree,  
'Tis better farre to *R---e* a *L---d*,

## XII.

You think so too, then be *translated*,  
 I fear you'll else again be baited,  
 By Wits and sneering Scoffers :  
 For Quiet, and *for Salary sake*,  
 You can't do better than retake,  
 The Charge of Household Coffers.

## XIII.

Your talents, not in Figures lies,  
 Leave Estimates, Accounts, Supplies,  
 Not worthy your regarding,  
 To wiser Heads, not his, who rules  
 The Treasury, but his working Tools,  
 Money-Slaves, W---t and H---g.

## XIV.

'Tis vain relying on his G--ce,  
 Secure to keep you in *this Place*,  
 Beyond his Power and Art is,  
 He mounted up so high of late,

XII.

Non think to too thin to  
Leave you'll the glass be pasted  
By Miss my Country Scouries:  
For Ome, say we safely have  
Your churc' do better than letake  
The Charge of Household Coffees.

XIII.

Out talents not in Pictures lies  
True Estimates Accurates Subbiles  
Not worthy your considering  
To writer Hes, not his who rises  
The Treasury put his writing Tools  
Money-Slaves W---t and H---g.

XIV.

This sun rising on his G---ce  
Secte to keep you in this place  
Belong his Power say All is  
He mounted up to high of his